

Hugs

by sober.june

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Summary: It wasn't until he saw, good ol' Meat Dagger arms around her that he realized that he wants to monopolize her hugs and saw very little mercy for anyone else who might want the same thing.
possesive!lock Sherlolly

Hugs

Sherlock loves hugs.

It's because he's been without them for so long, he muses, that he craves them and gets them whenever the opportunity presents itself. He liked being hugged and giving them. More specifically, he likes being hugged by and giving hugs to his pathologist.

Doesn't matter where or when, his hands will always find purchase on Molly's hips as she studies a plate under a microscope or when she's arranging her notes from the previous post-mortem reports. If he determines that she won't be moving around much he'd rest his head on either her shoulder or her head, the difference in their heights working to his advantage.

He thinks it started the night after The Fall. When he finds himself sitting on the couch of Molly's apartment in the dead of the night, staring listlessly in space and she's suddenly in front of him, arms wrapped around his shoulders and his head flat on her stomach. They stayed that way for a while, unmoving, the light from the passing cars filtering through her blinds being their only light source. When he could feel Molly peeling her arms away did he finally brought his hands around her waist, hands clinging to her clothes desperately as he tried to bury his face deeper onto her stomach. Later, when they parted and he asked her what prompted her to hug him, she gave him a small resigned smile and told him he looked like he could use one at the time and then he leaves.

He comes back to her apartment two years later, hair wild and unkempt, his eyes hollow and dark. It's only after he has stepped in her space, head buried in the crook of her neck and with his hands around her back does he realize that, in all of the years in his self-imposed exile, the he had greatly missed this and, if he was a little more honest with himself, _her. _

It's John who points out that he only ever does it to Molly. And when he ponders what he said later he realizes that, while he receives the occasional hug from a handful of people â€" Lestrade when he returned, John in his wedding, and Mary's occasional gesture for gratitude â€" he concedes that he only ever reaches out for Molly and finds that he has very little inclination to hug anybody else.

It wasn't until he saw, good ol' Meat Dagger arms around her that he realized that he wants to monopolize her hugs and saw very little mercy for anyone else who might want the same thing. He was about to stride in and go on a full tirade about his observations, if only to terrorize the man slightly, when a woman links her hand around Tom's and whisks him away, leaving Molly back to her work.

He comes in to the morgue and without missing a beat, holds her wrist gently and guides her to him, once again, enveloping her, burying his head in her hair, so she could only think about him around her and no one else.

"I want full rights to your hugs." he says, finally breaking the amicable silence between them.

"Buy me dinner first."

"I'll take you to another case with me."

"Then dinner." she countered.

"Then dinner."

* * *

><p>Notes: Also posted on AO3 works/5661538

Hope you enjoyed this little piece. Currently open for prompts.

Reviews are definitely welcome!

-June

End
file.